

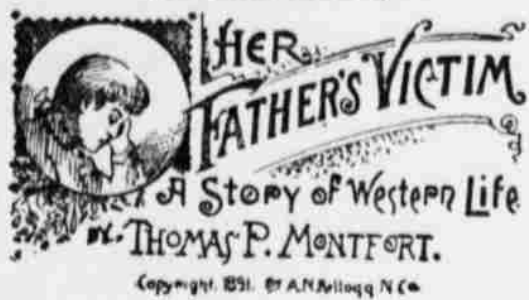
Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, I I I KY.

GOOD MEASURE FOR LOVE.

One twilight was there when it seemed
New stars beneath young eyelids gleamed;
In vain the warning clock would creep
Anear the hour of beauty-sleep;
In vain the trundle yearned to hold
Far-eyes and little heart-of-gold;
And love that kisses are the stuff of
At last for once there was enough of,
As though of all affection's round
The fond climacteric had been found—
Each childish fancy heaping more,
Like spendor from a miser store,
"Till—stopped by hug and stayed by kiss—
The sweet contention ran like this:
"How much do I love you?" (I remember but
part
Of the words of the troth of this lover)
"I love you"—he said—"why—I love you—a
heart
Brimful and running over.
"I love you a hundred!" said he with a
squeeze;
"A thousand!" said she as she nestled;
"A million!" he cried in triumphant ease,
While she with the numbers wrestled.
"Aha! I have found it!" she shouted, "Aha!"
(The red to the soft cheeks mounting)
"I love you—I love you—I love you, papa,
Over the last of the counting!"
—Robert Underwood Johnson, in St. Nicholas.



CHAPTER XX. AUNT MITCHELL SPEAKS.

Hiram soon became as placid and self-satisfied as ever, and the next morning he went down town to his office with not a trace of the late disturbance either showing in his features or rankling in his conscience. For several weeks everything went along smoothly with him, and every day he felt more and more in love with his charitable qualities and his Christian virtues. Hiram Blatchford was not a man to give way to any insignificant feeling, and he did not allow conscience to deter him for any great length of time. He at one time felt that he hadn't always done just right, but he managed to shift the blame of his wrong actions to some other person's shoulders, and succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in exonerating himself completely.

But another bombshell was destined to fall in the Blatchford camp, and it fell with terrible effect. This bombshell came in the shape of an elderly maiden lady known as Miss Mitchell Blatchford, sister to Hiram, who for some years had lived entirely isolated from her brother. She decided to pay Hiram a visit, and, accordingly, one day some weeks after the Christian aid society meeting she alighted at Hiram's door.

Hiram was not particularly glad to see his sister, for to tell the truth she had an uncomfortable way of speaking her mind that Hiram did not like. He distinctly remembered several occasions when she had freely spent her opinion of him and his way of doing, and she had not always considered him in the light of an injured innocent. He knew that she would soon discover the relation existing between himself and his daughter, and he felt morally certain that her sympathies would be with the latter, and that a "blowing up" for him would be the result.

Sarah was not glad to see Miss Blatchford either; and she not only shared in Hiram's feelings, but she was inclined to look upon any of his people as interlopers when they presumed to visit the house that ought to be sacred



"HIRAM, YOU'RE A FOOL!"

to the Spicklers. She feared, moreover, that this strong-minded woman would jar on her nerves, for she had understood from her husband how Miss Mitchell was inclined to give vent, in no uncertain terms, to her honest opinions. Sarah felt that she was a good, saintly creature; yet she was not anxious that anyone should speak the truth about her in her presence. If she could have had her desire in the matter, she would have had Miss Mitchell's visit postponed indefinitely.

Of course Hiram and Sarah made an effort to welcome her, but the effort was very much constrained, and was lacking in warmth and feeling. Miss Mitchell either did not notice this, or ignored it for reasons of her own, and

proceeded to make herself at home in her brother's house after her own peculiar fashion.

Aunt Mitchell, as she was usually called by those who knew her well, was of a cold, taciturn disposition. She was distant and unsocial toward those who were her best friends, and toward strangers, or those whom she disliked, she was frigid to the last degree. She had a knack of forming a pretty correct estimate of people on first sight, and her first-formed opinion of Mrs. Blatchford was anything but flattering to that lady's Christian character. Mr. Blatchford attempted to make up to her erratic sister-in-law, but on each occasion met with such a cold repulse that she soon gave up the effort.

Aunt Mitchell preserved a quiet, cold dignity in her deportment to her brother and his wife, and avoided their society as much as possible. When she was forced into their presence, however, she maintained the bearing of one who is making a strong effort to hold herself in check. By her constrained manner, she not only succeeded in making an icy atmosphere in the house, but she caused the household to feel uncomfortable, and gave Hiram a spell of nervous fits. Every one felt that she would not keep up this rigid deportment for many days, and they were assured that when she did break loose there would be a terrible explosion.

Thus for a week Aunt Mitchell kept the family on the needles of suspense. Mrs. Blatchford grew so nervous in the meantime that every unusual noise caused her heart to cease beating. Blatchford worked himself up to such a point of uneasiness that he stood in momentary dread of some great misfortune. As for old Mrs. Spickler, Aunt Mitchell knocked her clear out of the ring at first sight. The icy bow and the piercing look she gave that old lady on the occasion of their introduction was sufficient to terrorize her for all time to come. Mrs. Spickler was the possessor of considerable spirit, and many people had quailed before her gaze, but she was not equal to Aunt Mitchell's cutting glance. She tried to avoid Aunt Mitchell's eyes after that first meeting, and if by chance she did catch a glance from them she wilted and shrank until she felt that she was but an atom of humanity—a mere speck of flesh and blood.

One morning the Blatchford household were assembled at breakfast, when Aunt Mitchell came in a little late. A glance at her face as she coldly nodded her salutation was enough to reveal the fact that her feelings were struggling vehemently to break loose. She sat down to the table with a snap, and putting herself in the most rigid attitude, preserved a perfect silence. Blatchford was detailing to his wife the particulars of a plan for the repainting and repairing of the church.

"It can be done for a hundred dollars," he said, "and that amount can be easily raised."

"I should think so," replied Sarah.

"You will give something, I know."

"Yes, I have already subscribed twenty-five dollars. Ten for myself, ten for you and five for mother."

Aunt Mitchell said nothing just then, but the corners of her mouth began to twitch and she jabbed her fork into the food viciously. Two or three minutes passed in perfect silence, then Aunt Mitchell laid her knife and fork down, drew a long breath, and said:

"Hiram, you're a fool."

The bomb had been discharged, and its effect was wonderful. Hiram sat with his knife and fork in hand, and with his mouth and eyes open, transfixed. Sarah turned all sorts of colors and trembled all over. Mrs. Spickler felt herself diminishing so rapidly that she thought sure she would disappear altogether in a little while.

"Hiram, you're a fool," Aunt Mitchell repeated after giving a contemptuous glance around. "You're a fool and worse. You're a fool to think that you have got any religion. You're a fool to be led by the nose, and you're worse than a fool to turn your home into an asylum for these Pickles while your own child is an outcast in the world, without friends or money. I tell you, Hiram Blatchford, you haven't got as much religion as a buzzard, and you haven't got as much heart as a stone."

"Why—why, Mitchell," Hiram stammered, having recovered a little from his astonishment.

"Don't 'why' me, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell went on. "I know what I'm talking about, and you know I do. The idea of you giving money to convert the heathen and paint the church and all that sort of thing, when your own child may be starving for food. It's a shame and a mockery, and I wonder that God don't damn you for it. The idea of you helping to convert the heathen! It's ridiculous. If there is a wild nigger in Africa that is any more heathenish toward his offspring than you are toward yours, then I say God pity him. Oh you may wince, Hiram, but you know it's the truth I'm speaking. Do you suppose God is going to give a place in Heaven to a man who has no place in his home or his heart for his own child? Not much. He won't, and you can't buy yourself into His favor, as you do into Wheeler's, with the gift of money. As I said, you are a fool and worse. Talk about your religion! Why, there ain't a particle of it in this house, and there ain't a one of you that knows what Christianity is. Not a single one of all of you knows any more about Christianity than a pig."

Aunt Mitchell cast a defiant glance around as she ceased speaking, and as

she came to Mrs. Blatchford last, and noted the shamed look of that lady, she gave a contemptuous sniff. Hiram trembled with rage and shame. He realized only too well the truth of his sister's words, but for all the world he wouldn't have acknowledged anything. With a great effort he controlled himself to a certain extent, and with tolerable firmness said:

"Mitchell, this is my house, and while you remain in it I wish you would show decent respect for my feelings and the feelings of my family."

"I shall not remain in this house another day, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell replied. "I feel now, and I have felt from the first, that I am not wanted here. I could hardly hope to find a welcome to this house when your own child is not welcome, and I would not have remained here this long only I hoped to find an occasion for showing you what a fool you are. You have your Pickles about you and you are happy. You give money to this thing and that thing and you imagine you are doing a Christian duty. You listen to hypocritical professions at home and flattery abroad, and you think you are a good man. But mark my word, Hiram, the day will come when you will discover that you have woefully



"DON'T COME NEAR ME!"

missed the Christian's walk in life. In the next world, if not in this, your neglect of your daughter will rise up against you and make you wish you had never been born. The time will come when the compliments and flatteries of Wheeler and the Pickleses will not soothe your soul."

"But, Mitchell, listen to me—" Hiram began, only to be promptly shut up by his sister who went on:

"There is no excuse for your conduct, Hiram, none at all. Your daughter may have done wrong in marrying against your will, but she could not have done greatly wrong, since you acknowledge that John Green is a good, honest, sober, industrious man. But wrong or not, her crime was not so great that you were warranted in making her an outcast, while you fill your house with those who care for you only so far as your dollars and cents go. Do you think God will forgive you and take you to His bosom so long as you remain oblivious to your daughter? Never, never. If you ever expect to get to Heaven take some of the money you are subscribing here and there, and devote it to your child's needs. Better a thousand times let that child suffer one moment from want. Now I've had my say, Hiram, and I hope my words will set you to thinking and acting more like a Christian and less like a heathen, and that before you throw away another dollar in the useless effort to buy favor of God, you will act the part of a civilized father. 'Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites.'"

Having thus brought her lecture to a finish and feeling her soul relieved of a mighty burden, Aunt Mitchell arose from her seat and, giving a withering look of scorn and pity to those at the table, swept from the room, and an hour later left Blatchford's house.

His sister's words had a telling effect on Blatchford. They cut him deeply, and he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling they awakened. He realized the truth of her words, and he grew small in his own estimation. He understood fully the futility of his liberal financial gifts to the church and the heathen, and he was less inclined to praise and pat himself than he had been for a long time. Sister Blatchford tried her old tactics to rally him, but they lacked their old-time efficacy, and he left the house that morning in a sad, dejected state of mind.

Reaching his office he plunged into his business duties with unusual energy, and for a little while held to them; but soon his thoughts wandered back to the scene at home, and between him and his papers there flitted pictures of his child. Now he saw her face, pale, sad and sunken, looking reproachfully into his eyes, and again he caught a glimpse of her form, no longer rounded and plump as of old, but an emaciated skeleton, telling only too well the story of want and suffering. For an hour or more he tried to banish his daughter from his thoughts and concentrate his mind upon the business he had in hand, but in spite of all his efforts pictures of his child would dance across his papers to distract him and add to his self-accusations.

At last, finding that it was impossible to control his wandering thoughts and fix them where he wished, and being unable to longer endure the thoughts his fancy bred, he threw down his papers and pen and fled from the office. He walked madly down the street, hav-

ing no idea of his destination, having no care for his coarse, intent on but one thing, and that was to escape the thoughts that haunted him. On and on he walked until he passed through the town and out into the country, nor did he halt until he came to the river bank. Then he sat down, and removing his hat felt his burning, throbbing brow.

"My God, my God," he murmured, "what have I done! My poor, lost child, how could I ever forget you so! How have I forgotten your mother and my promise to her. Oh, God, spare me and let me live to undo what I have done. Let me but see my child once more and receive her forgiveness for all of my neglect and cruelty."

A long time he sat there gazing down into the deep flowing water, and more than once he was inclined to throw himself into the current and find relief at once for his tortured soul. There, he thought, he could escape the awful thoughts that haunted him, and he fancied that the cold water would be welcome to his burning brow. But finally the desire to see his daughter once more and atone to her for his cruel neglect got the better of him, and he arose and went toward his office.

As he walked unsteadily back he wondered why people stared at him so, little dreaming what a change a few hours of mental anguish had worked in his outward appearance. He did not know that his face had become haggard, and his eyes bloodshot. He did not realize that the fires of hell that burned within him had scorched and seamed him outwardly.

He was nearing his office when he met Rev. Wheeler, and that gentleman instantly noted the great change in his valued parishioner, and immediately sought to assist Brother Blatchford home. He approached to take the old man's arm, but Blatchford waved him off, and almost fled from the spot. His action surprised Rev. Wheeler beyond anything, and he left that gentleman perfectly dumfounded. Rev. Wheeler looked after the fleeing figure for an instant, undecided what to do, but finally he concluded to follow. After a chase of a couple of blocks he caught up with Blatchford.

"Brother," he said, "you are ill. Allow me to see you home."

"Don't touch me," Blatchford fairly shrieked as he glared viciously upon the minister. "Don't come near me. You helped to do it. Go away from me. My child is dying of want. I feel it. I know it. And you helped to lead me away from her and blind me to her rights and claims. Don't speak to me again. I want my poor, wronged child, and I'm going to find her."

Then, before the astonished minister could collect his scattered senses, the old man was gone. He passed around the corner and entered his office, where, sinking into a seat, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Oh, my God, my God," he groaned, "what have I done! How cruel, how heartless have I acted toward my own flesh and blood—my only child. How blind and brutal I have been, and how bitter is the awakening to the enormity of my sin. Oh, for one sight of my child, one word of forgiveness from her lips. I must find her. I must search the country from end to end for her."

At that instant the door opened and a clerk came in. He approached the old man diffidently, for he could not help seeing the great change that had come over him. He laid a telegram on the desk and without a word withdrew. Blatchford opened the telegram at once and read:

"Come immediately. Do not delay under any circumstances. The most important matter of your life. Come quick."

SCRAMBLE.
The old man sprang to his feet in an instant, and rushed wildly out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ingenious Piece of Mechanism.
An automatic machine has been introduced which forms, fills, weighs and seals packages in those establishments where large quantities of goods, such as fine-cut tobacco, soda, starch, etc., are constantly put up. The device, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, consists of a series of forming blocks, receptacles, folders, gummers and feeders, all working in harmony so that the packages are smoothly and continuously produced. The forming blocks successively size the paper, which instantly afterward is wrapped around them, folded and gummed at the end; the paper sacks are then plunged into receptacles filled with the commodity for which they are intended, finally folded on top and sealed.

Wound by the Sun.
A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes as near to being a perpetual-motion machine as is likely ever to be invented; for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan acts upon a mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated, and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.—Optician.

"Look here, Mr. Sheepley, the first of January you came to me and said you were seriously thinking of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?" Sheepley—"No, sir; I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't."

MILITARY DISAFFECTION.

Recent Outbreaks Among the Dissatisfied English Soldiers.

The banishment of an entire English regiment to hard duty in Canada as a punishment for insubordination is still fresh in the public mind, followed as it was by another mutiny much more serious, the mutineers being sent upon that occasion to Indian service. The latest report from Aldershot has created a sensation in England and a profound sympathy for the soldiers throughout the kingdom. The report implicates a number of the soldiers of the crack regiments of that place in an attempt upon the life of a corporal, whose inhuman severity to the men in his command could no longer be borne.

In the last five years from every branch of the English army, both in England and in the foreign service, a dangerous discontent, suppressed only by the most severe measures, has been apparent, and the strongest feeling against entering the service is everywhere manifested.

There was a time when the English army was the finest in the world, when the morale and discipline were perfect, and the soldier himself was proud of the service. The decline in the popularity of the army has been going on for a long time. Commissions in the army are bought for scapegraces of all kinds, but scapegraces, as a rule, do not take kindly to discipline, although they are invariably the severest martinet. The monotonous life of the barracks, the never-ending laborious drills, the lack of actual employment befitting a soldier, wear upon the rank and file, and the regulations and conditions of the service make many abuses possible.

The disaffection of the English soldiery is marked when compared to the enthusiasm exhibited for the army in France where the army is mainly of reserve men, drawn from civil life, a perfectly trained volunteer force, and the discipline of the German army, the regiments of which bear the most protracted drills without a murmur.

Politicians and statesmen are beginning to regard the situation in the army of England as serious, but are at a loss to know how exactly to proceed in its reorganization. In many years there has been no period when the anxiety that the army should regain its prestige was so great as it is now. England's foreign relations are beset with dangers, and at any time diplomacy may fail and force be the means of maintaining her position.

That spirit of patriotism which animates the armies of France, Russia and Germany, is not so intense in the English army. The soldiers have known the hardships of campaigns under the burning suns and amid the drifting sands of Egypt, and in the malarious lowlands of India. The statesmen would sacrifice every soldier in the army to retain India, and many brave men have already laid down their lives, a useless sacrifice in Egypt, but the masses of the English people are bound by ties of blood and interest to only two of the foreign possessions: to Canada, because it has before it a prospect of political liberty; to Australia, whose manifest destiny is independence, and they care no more for India and Egypt, where, nevertheless, they must support armies who loathe the duties they must there perform than they do China and the heart of Africa.—Chicago Graphic.



Made well
—the weak, nervous or ailing woman who takes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine that's guaranteed to help her. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve—and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses that affect women. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's an unfailing remedy. It's a peculiar one, too. Peculiar in composition, peculiar in its cures, and peculiar in the way it's sold. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction, in every case, or the money is refunded. You pay only for the good you get.

It's the big, old-fashioned pill that makes the most disturbance—but it's one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets that does the most good. Mild and gentle, but thorough and effective—the smallest, cheapest and easiest to take. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY PRICE 25c
Salvation Oil "Kills all Pains" 25c
277 1/2 (Only 25c)